

# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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### THE POPE'S DOINGS—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

It seems his Holiness has not been idle during his retirement at Gaeta, but has occupied his time in the investigation and settlement of knotty questions of Theology, which have long been mooted in the church. It may prove a "great comfort and blessing" to him and his church, that the Republicans drove him from the Quirinal, thus relieving him from the burden of *temporal* government, to afford him opportunity to make a final decision upon disputed points, which have been often discussed before Kings and Councils, but never settled. Among them, the momentous question whether "the Conception of the Blessed Virgin was entirely immaculate, and absolutely exempt from all stain of Original Sin," has had a prominent place ever since the miraculous conception was fully established. The history of this discussion forms quite a feature in the past records of the Catholic Church. From the time Christianity became popular by courting worldly applause, the worship of the Virgin, by certain rites and honors borrowed from Paganism, became a matter of great importance. Mary took the place of the Syrian Venus, and received her offerings of cakes,—of the Grecian Proserpine, and was honored with burning tapers on Candlemas-day. Her son was a God, and she must be a Goddess.

The exact origin of the notion that Mary was conceived without sin is not known. Gibbon thinks it was suggested by a passage from the Koran. It was generally adopted in the 11th century, though some opposed the doctrine and condemned it as false and heretical. The Council of Trent heard defences of both sides, but dared not decide it, except by compromise. No Pope, down to the present, has given a final decision, though often appealed to, to do so. Two Kings sent Ambassadors from Spain to obtain a decree upon the subject. But it was never settled, farther than that neither the advocates nor opposers of it were *heretics*. The present Pope has taken the matter in hand, and addressed an Evangelical Letter "To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, and Bishops of the whole Catholic world," which we give below. It will be seen that Pius IX., following in the "*illustrious footsteps* of his predecessors," shirks the responsibility of a final decision, and gives a morsel of satisfaction in a new Breviary, which it shall be "lawful" to recite.

PIUS PP. IX.

Venerable Brethren—Health and apostolical benedic-

tion. From the first day, when raised without any merit of our own, but by a secret purpose of Divine Providence, to the supreme chair of the prince of the apostles, we took in hand the rudder of the whole Church, we were touched with a sovereign consolation, Venerable Brethren, when we knew in how marvelous a manner, under the pontificate of our predecessor Gregory XVI., of venerable memory, there was awakened throughout the whole Catholic world the ardent desire of seeing it at length decreed by a solemn judgment of the holy See, that the most holy Mother of God, who is also the tender mother of us all, the immaculate Virgin Mary, was conceived without original sin.

This most pious desire is clearly and manifestly attested and demonstrated by the incessant petitions presented as well to our predecessor as to ourselves, wherein the most illustrious prelates, the most venerable canonical chapters, and the religious congregations, especially the illustrious order of preaching friars, have rivalled each other in soliciting that permission should be granted to add and pronounce aloud and publicly in the sacred liturgy, and also in the preface of the mass of the conception of the Blessed Virgin, the word Immaculate. To these instances, our predecessor and we ourselves acceded with the utmost readiness. It has further come to pass, venerable brethren, that a great number among you have not ceased addressing to our predecessor and to us, letters wherein, expressing their redoubled wishes and their lively solicitations, they press us to resolve to define it as a doctrine of the Catholic Church that the conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was entirely immaculate, and absolutely exempt from all stain of original sin.

Moreover, there have not been wanting in our time men eminent for their genius, virtue, piety, and learning, who in their learned and laborious writings have cast so brilliant a light upon this subject and most pious opinion, that multitudes of persons are astonished that the Church and the Apostolic See have not yet decreed to the Most Holy Virgin this honor which the common piety of the Faithful so ardently desires to see attributed to her by a solemn judgment and by the authority of the same Church and the same See. Assuredly, these wishes have been singularly pleasing and full of consolation to us, who, from our most tender years, have held nothing more dear, nothing more precious, than to honor the Blessed Virgin with a particular piety, with a special veneration, and with the most intimate devotion of our heart, and to do all that seemed to us apt to contribute to her great glory and praise, and to the extension of her worship.

Thus, from the commencement of our pontificate, we have directed with an extreme interest our most serious care and thoughts towards an object of such high importance, and have not ceased to raise unto Almighty God humble and fervent prayers that He may deign to illuminate our soul with the light of His heavenly grace, and make us know the determination which we ought to make upon this subject. We also repose all confidence in this, that the Blessed Virgin, who has been raised "by the greatness of her merits above all the choirs of angels



up to the throne of God," who has crushed, under the foot of her virtues, the head of the old serpent, and who, "placed between Christ and the Church," full of graces and sweetness, has ever rescued the Christian people from the greatest calamities, from the snares and from the attacks of all their enemies, and has saved them from ruin, will in like manner deign, taking pity on us with that immense tenderness which is the habitual outpouring of her maternal heart, to drive away from us, by her instant and all-powerful protection before God, the sad and lamentable misfortunes, the cruel anguish, the pains and necessities which we suffer, to turn aside the scourges of Divine wrath which afflict us by reason of our sins, to appease and dissipate the frightful storms of evil with which the Church is assailed on all sides, to the unmeasured grief of our souls, and, in fine, to change our sorrow into joy.

For you know perfectly, Venerable Brethren, that the foundation of our confidence is in the Most Holy Virgin; since it is in her that God has placed the plenitude of all good in such sort that if there be in us any hope, if there be any spiritual health, we know that it is from her that we receive it . . . because such is the will of Him who hath willed that we should have all by the instrumentality of Mary.

We have consequently chosen some Ecclesiastics, distinguished by their piety and well versed in theological studies, and at the same time a certain number of our Venerable Brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, illustrious for their virtue, their religion, their wisdom, their prudence, and for their knowledge of Divine things; and we have commissioned them carefully to examine this grave subject in all its relations, according to their prudence and their learning, and thereafter as soon as possible to lay before us their resolution. Herein we have thought fit to follow the illustrious footsteps of our predecessors, and to imitate their example.

For this reason it is, Venerable Brethren, that we address to you these letters, whereby we earnestly excite your distinguished piety and your episcopal solicitude, and we exhort you, each according to his prudence and his judgment, to ordain and cause to be recited, each of you in his own diocese, public prayers to obtain of the merciful Father of Light, that He may deign to illuminate us with the superior brightness of His Divine Spirit, and may inspire us with a breath from on high, and that in an affair of such great importance, we may be able to take such a resolution as shall most contribute, as well to the glory of His Holy Name as to the praise of the Blessed Virgin and the profit of the Church Militant. We have a lively wish that you should as soon as possible, make known to us with what devotion your Clergy and Faithful people are animated towards the Conception of the Immaculate Virgin, and what desire they have to behold the Apostolic See promulgate a decree in this matter. We, above all, desire to know, Venerable Brethren, what are in this respect the wishes and feelings of your eminent wisdom.

And as we have already permitted to the Roman Clergy to recite a certain Office of the Conception of the Most Holy Virgin, composed and printed very recently, in place of the office which is found in the ordinary Breviary, we also accord to you, Venerable Brethren, the faculty of permitting all the Clergy of your Dioceses, if you judge it convenient, to recite freely and lawfully, the same Office of the Conception of the Most Holy Virgin, which is actually used by the Roman Clergy, without your demanding his permission of us or of our Sacred Congregation of Rites.

We make no doubt, Venerable Brethren, but that your singular piety towards the Most Blessed Virgin will make you, with the utmost diligence and the most lively

interest, comply with the desires we express to you, and that you will hasten to transmit to us, within a convenient time, the answers which we require of you. Meanwhile receive as a pledge of all celestial favors, and above all as a witness of our good-will towards you, the Apostolic Benediction which we give from the bottom of our heart to you, Venerable Brethren, as well as to all the Clergy and all the faithful laity entrusted to your vigilance.

Given at Gaeta, on the 2nd of February, in the year 1849, in the third year of our pontificate."

We have given the letter entire, that our readers may know what passes in high places for doctrines of vital concern. It is singular that the apostles did not attach importance enough to this question to settle it, if indeed there is any importance at all in it. But we apprehend another difficulty will arise if it is determined that Mary was "born free from the taint of original sin," for then it must follow that either she was miraculously conceived, or else her parents were sinless also. If they were, her grandparents must be so also. It would be about as well to deny the doctrine of original sin at once, and save the gross inconsistency. Protestants smile to see such questions gravely discussed by Popes and Cardinals, but how do they differ from it in their doctrine, not long since, if not now, held as orthodox, that infants born of unregenerate parents are exposed to, and dying young will actually suffer, eternal torments, because of the taint of original sin. To all who assent to the doctrine of original sin and total depravity there is a grave importance in the subject of Pio Nono's letter, to which they should all give heed, and feel grateful if he succeeds in settling it satisfactorily. They must not be too sensitive about new and progressive truth. That will never answer in matters which concern themselves. There is yet chance for new discoveries to help them out of their difficulties.

W. S. B.

#### DR. GEORGE MOORE.

##### WAS HE A UNIVERSALIST?

Many have doubted that this distinguished physician and philanthropist was a believer in the final triumph of good. The following article, by Rev. T. B. Thayer, seems to settle the matter that the Dr. was a decided believer in the great salvation. The books from which Br. T. quotes, may be found in Harper's New Miscellany:

"The Almighty has manifestly set some good in opposition to every evil, which good is destined so to triumph as that sin and suffering shall but exalt man's apprehension of Jehovah's unsearchable attributes."—*Body and Mind*, p. 292.

Speaking of the evils in the world, especially those resulting from false religious opinion, he says:

"The Christian, however, looks closer to the throne, and there beholds the rainbow in its harmony of light, and expects him who sits thereon once more to come forth and vindicate the ways of God to man, by showing how it is the business of Omnipotence to reconcile all contradictions, and to call light out of darkness, life out of death, good out of evil; and to accomplish whatever our darkened reason would now call impossible."—*Ibid*, pp. 305, 306.

This I think is tolerably definite in regard to the point. I do not see how a man can believe that every evil has an opposing good which will finally triumph over it, and that God will reconcile all contradictions, without getting pretty near to what we call the restoration of universal harmony in the moral world. I know he uses the expression "forever vile," but how does he use it? As fol-



lows: "Every soul that is out of keeping with divine order must remain, in the license of a perverse will, forever vile, *until restored to the dominion of truth* by the attractiveness of light and the miseries of darkness." This shows plainly that he uses "forever" not in the sense of endless, but in the sense the Scriptures put upon it; and that, through the influence of suffering or punishment and light or truth conjoined, the soul of the "forever vile" will be restored. But let me quote again:

He thinks we shall hereafter learn that we have been subjected to certain influences "for specific purposes of temptation," or "even, may we not say, for the more mysterious abandonment of the soul to evil; thereby the better to exhibit the awful sublimity of divine government, which will ultimately subdue *to the vengeance of love* the most opposing elements, and render darkness itself the medium of glory."—*The Soul and Body*, p. 144.

Again he says:

"God can never be disappointed; therefore our reason, enlightened by himself, rests assured that it shall hereafter be satisfied that evil itself is but the means of more completely demonstrating the Omnipotence of Goodness."—*Body and Mind*, p. 1.

Hence again in the volume on "*The Soul and the Body*," he utters the following sentiment:

"As wisely might we say that disease and tempest frustrate divine wisdom, as impugn the Almighty because our moral being is liable to disturbance. Disorder must yet glorify the God that called light out of darkness."—p. 260.

"Thus the Author of life has everywhere softened the bitterness of death, by committing to *every rational soul* a claim upon himself for accommodation and enjoyment according to the condition of its desire and of its knowledge forever."—*Ibid*, pp. 350, 353.

This is certainly my faith, Br. Cobb, and I look upon myself pretty certainly a Universalist, *because* this is my faith. But one more extract, and I will close:

"Though evil is the opposite of good, and therefore the antagonist of God, yet omnipotence is revealed in its permission, because it is restrained to the furtherance of benevolent purposes by calling forth the virtue of loving spirits, and by demanding the highest exercise of their faith. To believe in Him who is the reconciler of all things to himself is to believe in the ultimate vindication of all His attributes, and to feel that the stability of His throne is as sure as eternity. The love that originated all creatures has never allowed His own nature to be involved in the contradiction of their necessarily narrowed understandings, and when their round of error is completed according to *their* little wills, it shall still be found that *His* will triumphs, and the boundless universe must everlastingly declare in every color of the three-fold light, and in the lines of darkness that divide its rays, in spite of sin, in spite of suffering, in spite of death, that God is love, the Source of endless life. These thoughts naturally spring up in the heart of a Christian when he reviews the moral history of this world; for he sees that, whether he regard it in individuals or communities, the failure of man is all along conspicuous, while the finger of the Almighty is equally evident."—*Body and Mind*, p. 348.

The above extracts, and I could multiply them much beyond this, appear to me to convey the idea of a final abolition of all evil from the moral universe, in the plainest terms. I do not say that Dr. Moore expected this result in the present life, or immediately at the conclusion of the present dispensation of things. He doubtless believed in the existence of evil beyond death, and of course in suffering also; but that he believed that these would come to an end in due time,

and God's purpose in their existence be vindicated and justified, seems to me as plain as words can make it.

I have written this article because when mentioning the subject to some friends, among others, Br. Whittemore, they have thought I must be mistaken, inasmuch as they had received an opposite impression from the perusal of the volumes in question. I am not apt to be over-hasty in claiming others as Universalists, because they happen to drop a word or two favorable to our views; but when I find the truth showing itself not only in plain speech, but woven into the whole web of thought and argument spread over some 600 pages, I think it not very presumptuous to draw the conclusion presented here.

I would commend the works of Dr. Moore, for the collection of valuable psychological and physical facts contained in them, and the use made of them in the arguments against rationalism; for the devout and Christian spirit, and the love of humanity which pervades every page; and for the cheerful and hopeful character of all his arguments and conclusions.

And in conclusion I cannot help expressing the pleasure and joy I experience in observing how steadily the spirit of our holy and beautiful faith is making its way into the scientific, philosophical, and ethical literature of the age. All know how greatly it has modified and improved the body and tone of theological literature; but to me the most encouraging and promising feature of the times is the effect it is producing in the direction named. Almost every work now issued, embodying the results of any patient inquiry in philosophy, science, or even morals, exhibits the softening and blessed influence of this great faith in the triumph of good over evil, and the restoration of the moral universe to final and everlasting harmony with the mind and heart of God.—*Christian Freeman*.

Original.

#### FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW LONDON, CONN. NUMBER XIV.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In my last, I spoke of some of the natural and other advantages of New London, which render it hopeful as a place of business, or of residence. And it has long seemed to me, that, in these respects, even what to one unacquainted with the facts might appear exaggeration, would fall far short of sober truth. For, as if by its own spontaneous energies, and without aid, it is in summer time like *Italy* literally a *city of flowers*; and each family has learned to feel that its fixtures are not complete without its share. Its location is grand, indeed; lying on the banks of the beautiful Thames, about three miles from its debouchure into Long Island Sound—yet admitting ships of the very largest class, almost directly to its business streets; where they are never molested with ice, and where whole navies might ride at anchor, in perfect security from the storm; and where the admirer of the sublime can look away upon the heaving of a world of waters, whose vast wilderness, and perpetual surge, and roar, teach him how to contemplate with reverence the greatness of HIM who holdeth the mighty deep in the hollow of his hand. From these waters come up, in the warm and sultry seasons, the cool refreshing breezes, neutralizing the intensity of the land-atmosphere, and the sun's rays, and breathing comfort over the whole city, or inviting to the sail-boats innumerable, that skim swan-like the surface of the gently undulating waters!

And, as if Nature had designed to make every thing complete, for the convenience and comfort of a large city,



there lies within a short distance of the place a lake of the purest water which an outlay of less than a hundred thousand dollars, would "pour into the midst of the city;"—and immediately on the outskirts of the town, on the bank of the river, is a grove suited to become the resting place of the inhabitants when with them,

*'Life's fitful dream is o'er,'*

which, from the umbrageous shade that Nature's hand has furnished, and gentle undulating surface, acclivity, descent, and

*"dingle, and bosky dell,"—*

in short, all that is calculated to furnish a rural cemetery, without labor, is spread out in inviting beauty; and I cannot but believe that it will be put in requisition. This spot, so far, certainly, as regards its natural beauties and inviting fitness for such a place, is not surpassed by "Mount Auburn," "Greenwood," "Laurel Hill," or any place which, within my knowledge, has been occupied for such a purpose; and it would be strange if it should be permitted to be diverted to any other use.

With regard to the intellect of New London, I remember to have once heard the remark made, in description of it, by one who professed to know, that "the place was noted for its *ignorance* and *aristocracy*." But this statement must certainly be received with many grains of allowances or men's minds must have greatly changed since the time to which it was meant to apply. For I am quite sure that considering the circumstances under which MIND has been held, there are few places that can boast of men of more and better talent. The evil there, is not a want of intellectual strength, and scope—but opportunity to bring it out. The ruling spirits of the place, have not been generally the men of mind, but the men of *wealth* and accidental position! And hence, no literary institutions have been encouraged, beyond the schools for youth, and no means have been afforded to call into action the mental energies of the place, and there has been but little encouragement or inducement for the display of such talent as is inherent in the minds of the inhabitants. Yet *it is there*; and *has been* sometimes as prominent in position, as the very post-master of the place; but seldom used. And there are scores among the mechanics, and others of the city; aye, and of the females too, fitted by nature to shine brilliantly in the higher walks of literature, and even to offer no mean oblations at the shrine of the Muses. And when I have considered what *did* lead, and what *might*, and *should* have led, in the public doings of the city, the latter hidden, or crowded back by circumstances, I have often thought of the truthfulness of the poet,

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But while there is talent there in a goodly degree, it is certainly not doing injustice to any other society, to say that the Universalist Society embraces its ample share;—for in intelligence and respectability, according to its members, it is surpassed by no other Society in the city. Its members are men to be honored as the depositories of any worthy trust; and I entertain no fears that any thing will be left undone by them in future, as I believe nothing has been in the past—which in their judgment can have a tendency to promote this great and good cause, in which it is given them to labor, and it may be to sacrifice.

I rejoice to learn that they have been blessed in the choice of a talented, discreet and worthy young man to assume the pastoral charge of the "little flock"—and

that he has already secured a large share of their confidence and love. I can only desire for him, such seconding of his efforts, as it was my privilege to receive during my five years' residence in their midst, and the continuance to him of such friendship and regard, when he shall have gone from their midst, as I believe it is my happy privilege to share. I could delight to mention the names of many, did propriety admit, whose generous encouragement and aid greatly alleviated the burden of my labors while with them, but I feel it better that their names should be engraved by the noiseless finger of affection on the tablet of the heart. There will they be enshrined in fond and grateful recollection; and while around their happy homes and footsteps fond memory will constantly delight to linger, in their behalf, my heart will unceasingly ascend in prayer for blessing, to *Him* who is the *guide* and *protector* and *Hope* of all!

And now Messrs. Editors, and readers, if I have been so fortunate as to secure them a word to you and I cease.

What I have written, has been done in the midst of a press of professional duties, and cares, incidental to a new location. I have written with scarcely a re-reading of my letters, and without attempt at revision, or thought of style, and without time to look back; if I have escaped tautology of language or even of ideas, it is more than I pretend, or expect. I ask only such indulgence in view of the circumstances, as in a reverse of situation you would wish to receive, and subscribe myself

The servant of all men

in the Gospel of limitless grace.

T. J. G.

Original.

#### THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PAUL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRANDSON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

#### LETTER ONE.

MY YOUNG FRIEND:—In compliance with your urgent and oft-repeated request, I will give you an account of the Life and Times of St. Paul the Apostle. My present situation is favorable to my purpose. My extreme age has long since disqualified me for a public advocate of the Gospel, and being compelled by the persecutors to secrete myself in a cave, at Mount Lebanon, I cannot better employ my time, than by relating to you the various traditions respecting Paul, which for more than a hundred years have been preserved in our family.

You are aware that my grandfather, Luke, was Paul's most intimate friend, and for years the companion of his journeys and sharer of his toils. In his old age, he related to my father the substance of the following letters, and while a youth, my father was never weary of speaking to me of *him* whose example I have endeavored to imitate, but whose greatness none can equal.

My proposed task I hasten to perform with all convenient speed, for I soon expect to depart and be with Christ. My friend Miletus has recently informed me that the depraved Commodus is Master of the Roman Empire. When I was last in Rome, I heard much of this young Prince. He then manifested a tolerant spirit, and was quite favorably disposed towards the followers of Christ, and yet, I fear, perilous times are not far distant. He is, if possible, more depraved than any of his predecessors, and the most unkingly of them all. And from him we have nothing to hope and much to fear. He may, like the infamous Nero, conceal his true nature for



years, but when it breaks forth, the helpless Christians will be the first victims.

Before turning directly to the Life and Times of Paul, I wish to make a general and important remark, though, I trust, you have heard it before. It is this: The past has done much for the present. The present age is the result of all preceding ages.

But the richest treasure which the present generation has received from the past, consists in those exalted specimens of MAN which have blessed the earth with their presence. These are of far more worth than arches, temples, and pyramids, or even the glory of martial exploits. And, as you well know, my excellent friend, no nation has, in producing these specimens of humanity, done more for the world than my own. I am neither churl nor bigot. I have been thrilled with the voice of heathen eloquence, and though taught in the School of Christ, have derived much assistance from the study of heathen philosophy. While travelling from one extreme of the empire to another, for the purpose of preaching Christ and Him crucified, I have often paused to admire the productions of uninspired genius, and to mourn that such gifts were elevated to the decoration of the idol's shrine.

But still I claim a pre-eminence for our nation, which all must perceive, though few confess. From Abraham, the father of Israel, to Josephus, the great historian, we can find a brighter list of names, than can be produced by any other race. In law and legislation we have Joseph, Moses, David, and Solomon, in war, Joshua, David, and the valiant sons of Matthias, in poetry, David and Isaiah, in wisdom, Solomon and Daniel. The life and times of another is the subject of these letters, and my task is important and difficult. To say that Paul was an Apostle of great merit and untiring zeal, that at one time he was bitterly opposed to Christ, and afterwards became the most successful advocate of the Gospel, and was finally beheaded by Nero, is to say but little; for he, more than any other of the Apostles, has left the impression of his own peculiar mind upon the doctrines he taught. While he was living, his opinion was listened to with the greatest attention, and was generally correct, and since his death, his writings have decided numberless disputes among the brethren.

I fear my introductory letter will weary your patience. Do not complain. With one more remark I will bring it to a close. Within a few years many of the brethren have manifested a desire to sever the ties of brotherhood between themselves and the great man of the Jewish nation. Instead of regarding them as the ornaments of the race, as mortals with pure hearts and developed minds, they are frequently spoken of as miraculous individuals. Thus Abraham, Samuel, David, and Paul have but little in common with their less favored brethren. They were not great because of their own goodness, but because of the special aid of the Holy Spirit. But I am unable to accede to this opinion; I do not believe that they were miracles. I believe they were natural productions,—century plants,—but still men. And their human origin and condition is seen in their slight wanderings from the path of duty, and tearful repentance. I admit that in many instances they were *specially* employed by the Almighty, and as *specially* qualified to unfold His purposes, but still, I believe that the secret of their greatness is found in the Savior's words, "The pure in heart, shall see God."

Farewell,

DAVID.

At the Circuit Court in Hudson, N. Y., the other day, a verdict of \$1,200 was given against John Esselstyne, for seduction.

Original.

## THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION. NUMBER THREE.

BY REV. F. M. ALVORD.

"And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."—Luke 20 36.

It will doubtless be said that the Savior in these words is describing the happy condition of the righteous in the resurrection world,—that this is evident from the expression—"But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead." To this I reply: That the Scriptures clearly teach that all mankind will be raised from the dead: That as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. If all are raised, will they not be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead?

This language occurs in our Lord's reply to the Sadducees. They had no faith in the resurrection. They were infidels indeed. And knowing that Jesus taught the future, immortal existence of the race, they brought forward a case, which they supposed wholly irreconcilable with the doctrine of the resurrection. Their question had a sole reference to the fact of a future existence, which they denied. And as the subject of the resurrection was introduced, Jesus took occasion to declare what would be the *condition* of men in the world of spirits. And in reference to the qualification, they that shall be accounted worthy." I would remark that it is entirely omitted by Matthew and Mark, both of whom record the conversation of Jesus with the Sadducees. In their accounts it is simply said "For in the resurrection, &c. Now if this phrase is of so much importance as is contended, is it reasonable to suppose that two of the Evangelists would omit it entirely? If it is to decide who are to be happy in the immortal world, how can we account for its omission in the instance referred to?

But admitting the full force of the objection urged, and what does it prove? The endless woe of a portion of the human race? Certainly not. No allusion is made to this whatever. But if it proves anything it proves that some part of mankind will never be raised, for Jesus adds, they that shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, *and the resurrection of the dead*. The qualification has reference, not to man's worthiness to be crowned with immortal bliss in the world of spirits, but solely to the fact of his being worthy or not worthy, to be raised from the dead. But we need have no doubts here, for it is most positively declared, that all shall be raised—that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." The language of Christ is—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to me." We must deny the universality of the resurrection, before we can base an argument that will exclude any member of the Father's family from the joys of heaven, upon the phrase—"They that shall be accounted worthy."

Dr. Campbell, and since him other divines, render this phrase—"shall be honored to share in the resurrection, and the other world." This translation, doubtless, more clearly expresses the idea intended to be conveyed by our Lord. Though here, their condition is one of weakness, dishonor, corruption and mortality; in the resurrection it will be one of power, glory, incorruption, and immortality. There they can die no more, for they will be made equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

Here observe, that men are not said to be the children of God, because they had been Christians on earth—because they had died rejoicing in the faith, or because they had complied with any conditions; but because they *are the children of the resurrection*. Their holiness in the



tute state—their equality with the angels of heaven—their assimilation to the character and perfections of God, is the work of the resurrection. To use the language of the Savior—"and are the children of God, BEING the children of the resurrection.

*Carroll, N. Y. March, 1849.*

Original.

### CAN'T ENDURE SOUND DOCTRINE.

On the second Sabbath in March, my stated day in course for worship at the Universalist meeting-house in this vicinity, it so happened that a meeting of the singing school occurred on the same day, at the same place. Some of the class were Baptists, as were also some of the visitors. When the hour for religious exercises had arrived, these persons, who are *sticklers* at their own meeting-houses for decorum, kept outside of the wall of the house, and were promenading its precincts during service, with probably no other object in view than to vent their spleen, by trying to show something like contempt; who, though, rather elicited the pity of the informed and liberal, (for my congregation here is composed of the most respectable of the community,) who well know their unwillingness to encounter the truth: for while I teach that "we are *all* sinners, that we all have *one* Father, that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of the *world*—to save us *from* our sins, and that he will have *all men* to be saved, that he will accomplish the work given him to do, that he will reign until the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed, and God shall be *all* and in *all*," which I regard as *sound*, as Bible doctrines, these persons fly from the holy truths of the Bible, and why? Because these doctrines are too solid to be digested by morbid (partial) minds. They are not willing to come to the light, lest their deeds should be reprov'd. Well might the Apostle say, "For the time will come, when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." 2d Tim. iv, 3-4.

S. M. SIMONS.

*Stedmans, April, 1849.*

Original.

### BRIEF THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

NUMBER FOUR.

#### THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

Though God was imperfectly revealed to man during even the brightest days of the Jewish Theocracy, the vision of the ancient Prophets penetrated at times the hazy gloom that hung around the world, and saw the character of the Almighty, and the principles of his Government, in such an exalted light, as to call forth from their tried and struggling souls, the highest poetical utterances of joy. Though civil contentions kept the great sea of state boiling with tempest and fury, and though bondage, with its accompanying disgraces and humiliations, was calculated to degrade the public spirit and to undermine the public ambition, the prophets, in the grandeur of their faithfulness and the ardor of their efforts, caught a dim, but yet glorious view of a better state in reserve, and hence could exclaim, "The Lord hath comforted his people and will have mercy on his afflicted." "The Lord will not cast off forever; for though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies."

Of these inspired men, men whose singular histories and fortunes, no less than their great moral power and worth, and their wonderful endowments, will invest their names with interest while the world endures; of these men, none looked further beyond the age in which they lived, than the prophet Isaiah; none was inspired more by the principle of hope, that elevates the mind above the greatest evils, and makes it strong and brave to walk through the gloomiest night of destiny. He beheld the day approaching when the implements of war were to become the harmless property of the husbandman; when the nations should desist from strife, and garments no longer be rolled in blood. He saw the Gospel feast spread on the mountain of spiritual Zion for all people; saw the Lord rend the veil from all nations, take away the rebuke of his people from off the earth, and wipe tears from all faces. (xxvth chap.) He saw the ransomed of the Lord, the whole humanity for whom Christ gave himself, (1 Tim. ii. 5, 6,) return to Zion with songs and everlasting joys upon their heads. (xxxv. 10).

Isaiah was emphatically the prophet of "the better day," and thousands who profess little faith in the fulfilment of his predictions, yet admire the spiritual power and fervor, and the lofty and brilliant symbolry, with which they are adorned. A soul like his, that could retain its trustfulness amid an ignorant, fickle and faithless people; amid wasting pestilence, cold and hideous famine, the red chariots of war, and the chains of bondage, makes us look back with a sentiment of respect, on an age, which, but for such spirits, would seem wholly gross and vile. Thank God that He has never left an age without a witness of himself, and a prophet of future glory, in the person of such a devoted moral hero.

*Norwich, Conn.*

Original.

### TRUTH.

BY REV. E. CASE, JR.

It is a sad and sorrowful thought, but it is true, that one of the greatest curses entailed upon man by the fall of his nature is, that it makes him blind and insensible to truth. We, poor deluded mortals, associate the soul's happiness with everything else but that. We go out into the great world, and we toil, and labor, and sweat, in picking over the dirty rubbish around us, and we find every worthless bauble but *Truth*. A thousand times we pick up some shining and worthless trinket and hug it to the soul, thinking we have found the treasure; but like the snow-ball we grasp in our hand, it dissolves away and leaves nothing but sorrow and disappointment. A thousand times we grasp some rainbow fancy, which only dazzles to lead us astray. A thousand times we pick the pearl of great price in our hand, but because it does not blaze, and sparkle, and blind us at the moment, but happens to be darkened and soiled with the soil of the rubbish where it is found, we know it not; we throw it to the earth again and pass on, continuing our search with no better success than before. This soul of ours, that was made by God to be the depository of truth, and that has such untold depths, and riches, and worlds of truth within, is left to barrenness and desolation for the want of some one to dig in it, and becomes dead and lost to the influences of Truth. Instead of going down into its precious bed and bringing up the pure and virgin ore, instead of studying into its nature, its wants, its necessities, and looking towards heaven for the fulfilment of all its hopes and aspirations, we go out from ourselves, we overlook the treasure within, though oft "seen double by the fool and wise;" and we go searching, and gazing, and grovelling into the noisy, idle throng of a crowded,



selfish, and passionate world. And when, at last, God stoops from heaven,—when he bows the heavens and comes down, and holds out to our view the priceless treasure,—when our eyes are open in some sense to its value, we have become so habituated to error and so fallen in love with our idols, that we doubt, and hesitate, and demur, and at last turn away and leave it after all.

Oh, who does not weep tears of sorrow at this fearful obliquity of our nature? Oh, who could not shed rivers of tears to find ourselves so far fallen—so far cast down. Yet, strange to say, when we wake up once in a while, as we do almost unconsciously, and find ourselves standing upon the verge of this horrid chasm, we do not start back with alarm; we do not turn with fright and retrace our steps till we come again to the temple of safety. But we may express a single sigh, drop a few languid tears, to find ourselves so far bewildered; but we lie down and sleep again, and perchance sleep on till death overtakes us, and the pall of the charnel-house drops and closes the scene.

*Geneva, N. Y.*

## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MAY 19, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

### LETTER FROM A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN, WITH THE EDITOR'S REPLY.

We very cheerfully give place to the following letter, from a brother Presbyterian. Our reply thereto will be found in the notes appended, with the references designating the particular portions and paragraphs to which they severally refer:

SYRACUSE, MARCH 24, 1849.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am an occasional reader of your paper, with some features of which I am very much pleased. Holiness and truth have beauties that attract and charm me wherever I find them; and as your columns frequently contain gems which would enrich every mind and heart, I find pleasure in being, as I said, one of your occasional readers.

But as I also discover some features which, to my mind, seem not at all in keeping with those, I sometimes question whether the former may not be the sweet tones of some syren, who would entice me to view the latter with approval.

While you profess and advocate faith in Jesus Christ, as the only Savior of mankind; and express ardent emotions of love and gratitude to God, and that because of their power to elevate and bless the mind that contemplates, and the heart that embraces them; you still differ vitally from others who hold these points in common with you; in that you believe, *all men* will eventually become the subjects of redeeming grace.

As you perceive from my signature, I am of that number who understand the Bible to reveal a different doctrine; who believe, first, that *voluntary acceptance* is indispensable to the individual efficacy of Christ's redemption; and, second, that though "many are called," the ultimate event will be that "few are chosen."

Yet I aim to manifest my gratitude for the precious doctrines of Christ, by holding them in humble love and charity; in the exercise of which, I have taken the liberty to communicate with you; and now say, come, let us reason together. If you really have the truth, it will be your highest pleasure, as it is your duty, to impart it to those who have it not: and if you have not, it will be your infinite gain to receive it.

It can hardly be that two rational and honest minds, holding sentiments diametrically opposite, can draw evidences from the same sources of information, and candidly compare them, without so modifying their conclusions, as to bring them eventually upon the same ground of belief. And, in view of this, it has long

been a matter of wonder, as well as of grief with me, that those who advocate our several doctrines, should so long occupy the field of free discussion, and yet continue so irreconcilably opposed.

Why is not one or the other doctrine, long since exploded; and one or the other body of adherents converted to the truth? Because both parties stand more in the attitude of fierce belligerent armies, when they approach each other, than of earnest, humble inquirers after, and affectionate advocates of, sacred truth! If your papers and ours, always in the true spirit of kindness, would but keep their columns open to *free, candid inquiry*; and totally exclude that partizan spirit, which genders so much unprofitable *contention*; I firmly believe, that, with isolated exceptions, the result would be a speedy adjustment of this unprofitable and unwise difference.

But the difficulty is, those who discuss the subject are neither on the one hand, humbly sincere enough to welcome a *victor* in the truth; nor, on the other, so clearly logical as to strip truth and error of all disguise.

It cannot be that either reason or revelation teaches ambiguously upon this point; a point of such vital importance. They do not! Then, I say, let us compare our evidences drawn from both these sources, and with humble sincerity, reason together.

—(a.)

The most plausible argument, drawn from reason, that I have ever met with, in support of your doctrine, is that which declares the eternal punishment of a soul, to be inconsistent with the Infinite Benevolence of God. (b.) Let this, then, be our first point of issue, and when this is disposed of, we will proceed to whatever remains.

I understand this to be your proposition:—"It would be inconsistent with the Infinite Benevolence of God, to *cause* or *permit* the eternal misery of one of his creatures."

In reasoning upon this proposition, we are obliged to consider the benevolence of God, of the same nature as human benevolence, differing only in its *degree*, and in its association with different degrees of *wisdom* and *power*.

The argument need not be labored: You say, "I, with my finite benevolence, would not permit the eternal misery of any creature, if I possessed the power to prevent it: God's *Infinite* would be less willing to permit eternal misery, than my *finite* benevolence; hence, I conclude, God will not permit, much less *cause* eternal misery, while he possesses infinite power."

Is this your argument, clearly and fairly stated? If so, then let us proceed to see, first, whether it is logical; and, second, whether *facts* may not lead us to a different conclusion. (c.)

Admitting that our benevolence is precisely like God's, in *kind*, our want of *power* to obey its dictates would in no way affect your argument; while the *superiority* of Divine benevolence would directly and considerably favor your conclusion. (d.)

But you have not a complete logical chain; inasmuch as you leave out of the account the difference between God's *infinite* and your *finite wisdom*. One degree of *human wisdom* often decides that a particular course is *benevolent*, because it will result in ultimate *good*: while a higher degree strips it of its superficial disguise, and shows that, as it would really result in *evil*, such a course would be the height of *cruelty*! (e.)

So God's infinite, far and wide seeing wisdom, often reverses the most deliberate decisions of ours. Hence, he may not only permit, but require, the infliction of eternal punishment: and hence, too, your chain lacks the very link that should connect your premise and conclusion. (f.)

Secondly, in considering what I deem your next most plausible argument, drawn from reason, we may notice one fact, that would lead to a different conclusion.

Your paper of last week says, in substance, "Eternal misery would subvert the very design for which God now permits error, sin, and misery: viz, ultimate happiness to be produced by it as an instrument in the hands of God."

Does not this imply that *limited* misery is consistent with the very attributes, which the writer of that article (Uses of Error) considers so inconsistent with eternal misery? (g.) If so, he certainly implies an argument which goes to substantiate the point he would, incidentally disprove. (h.) If God could consistently consign any portion of man's existence to the miseries of sin, for the purpose of developing subsequent holiness and happiness; he could with equal consistency consign a few souls to the legitimate fruits of *endless* disobedience, for the purpose of augmenting the holiness, happiness, and wisdom of the rest of his intelligent Universe. (i.) I hold that the argument leads inevitably to this conclusion, notwithstanding any contrast you may show between *limited* and *endless* misery: (j.) For (please



mark this point) the inconsistency between benevolence and the infliction of unnecessary misery, arises in no way from a consideration of the *degree* of misery; it arises wholly from the incongruity of the two *principles*. I see no more certain evidence of malevolence, in the infliction of a *year's* than of a *moment's* unnecessary misery; and just as certain evidence in that of a *year's*, as of an eternity's. (k.)

Your benevolence, as far as it is perfect, would no sooner inflict a moment's misery, if you could attain the same end by bestowing happiness, than it would an eternity's. (l.)

And who will say that, with infinite resources, a moment's misery is any more necessary than an eternity's? One limits the resources of God as absolutely as the other, and if one is consistent with the attributes of Deity, the other is also. (m.) And should you deign a reply to this article, I would thank you to make this point a particular object of attention: Does not every argument that can be drawn from reason, against eternal misery, as being inconsistent with infinite benevolence, wisdom and power, lie equally valid against the least degree of misery?

It seems to me that it must; and hence, I say, one fact, at least, would lead us to conclude that there is no inconsistency between those attributes and the eternal damnation of the finally impenitent in this life. (And there is nothing gained by extending the difficulty into another life.)

Sin and misery do exist, and I consider it demonstrable that if they are now consistent with the attributes of Deity, they may continue equally so forever! (n.)

Thus much by way of evidences from reason, may suffice for our introduction. I purposely refrain from multiplying arguments; aware that it is easier to run over a wide field in discussion, than to proceed logically, step by step, settling one point at a time.

You are at liberty to publish any portion of this article, and it would give me great satisfaction to hear you reply, as fully as may be consistent with other demands upon your time. I hold myself ready to acknowledge frankly, all you may prove by close logical reasoning; and, when we have come to an agreement upon the evidence of reason, touching this point, I shall be happy to sit humbly with you, at the feet of Jesus, and study the testimony of him whose wisdom cannot err!

I have nothing to offer against persons who may differ with me in sentiment: my business is only with the truth. If I should call you ever so hard a name, and you should succeed in calling me a worse one, we should neither of us be the better for such folly.

Ridicule, too, I deem one of the lowest efforts of Reason. The worst thing you can say of an idea is, that it is false, and to use ridicule after that is to mar the effect of a climax.

Trusting, therefore, that if you reply, you will reply less to me than to my argument,

I remain ever yours,

With true respect,

A PRESBYTERIAN. (o.)

(a.) With the spirit of the preceding, or introductory part of this letter, and the general scope and tenor of the communication, we are much pleased. It is respectful, fraternal, kind, liberal: and if our Presbyterian brethren, generally, had hitherto exhibited the same fair, and fraternal, and kindly feeling toward us, and our denomination, there would have been far less difference and hardness of feeling between the two denominations, and we think really far less difference in opinion than now exists. One cruel thrust from the shaft of bigotry drives its object, almost necessarily, into antagonism and opposition, if not to enmity: closes every avenue to the better feelings and affections of the heart; and makes enemies where friends might have been found. As "A Presbyterian" justly remarks, "both parties stand more in the attitude of fierce belligerent armies, when they approach each other, than of earnest, humble inquirers after, and affectionate advocates of sacred truth." But let us show our brethren a better example.

(b.) This, though one of the strongest arguments against the absolute eternity of misery, is not directly and necessarily the strongest argument that can be offered in favor of the salvation of all men. For though endless punishment be false, it does not necessarily follow that universal salvation be true. There

is another alternative—annihilation—though neither of us adopt or believe in this cold and dark theory. But let that pass.

(c.) We find no fault with our Presbyterian friend's statement of our argument. He has stated it much more fairly than most of our opponents are willing or disposed to state it for us. The only wonder to us is that, thus stated, he can find any way of evading its force.

(d.) This admission has great force.

(e.) This reasoning is correct and incontrovertible.

(f.) Here "A Presbyterian" has evidently got his sectarian spectacles on, and sees only through a discolored or distorted medium. In his preceding paragraph he shows the fallibility of human wisdom to consist in its mistaking evil for good—that while it supposed that good would result from a particular course the actual result was evil—and hence superior the wisdom would decide that such a course, instead of being benevolent, "would be the height of cruelty." And then strangely and incongruously enough, our Presbyterian brother thrusts in the declaration that God "may not only permit but require the infliction of eternal punishment."

What! Is eternal punishment a *good*, or an *evil*? a *blessing* or a *curse*? Is it what our correspondent in his previous paragraph, calls an "ultimate good?" or is it on the other hand, "the height of cruelty?" *Cui bono*? What good can it do? What benefit can result from it to God, angels, men or devils? No one has ever been able to tell. The question has often been asked. It cannot be answered. No sane man can ever imagine what good can result from endless woe. It is evil and only evil, unmingled, unmitigated, absolute, infinite, final, immortal, unchangeable and eternal EVIL. No greater evil can be imagined. No good can succeed from it, because it can have no successor—nothing can be beyond it. We read of the punishments that God inflicts, that they "afterward yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." Extend temporary punishment to any length you please—ten, fifty, a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand years, and still good may result from it—it is not ultimate, or final; it has an end, an *afterward*; but eternity has no afterward in which the peaceable fruits of righteousness may be yielded. Hence our correspondent's position that God's infinite wisdom may not only permit, but require the infliction of eternal punishment, is the boldest assumption, entirely unsupported by a single argument from reason or revelation. Indeed, it stands out in the boldest relief against every dictate of reason, and every deduction of sound logic. So at least it seems to us.

(g.) It certainly does.

(h.) By no means.

(i.) This we must confess, is a strange kind of logic. It is very much like this: If it is consistent for a good earthly father to discipline all his children, for their good, according to their several characters, dispositions and deserts, so as to bring them all to the estate of manhood prepared for usefulness, respectability and happiness, then it would be equally consistent for that father to incarcerate one half or two thirds of his children within the walls of a dark, damp, horrible dungeon, and scourge and torment them daily to the extent of his power as long as life should last, in order to render the rest of his children happy in the enjoyment of his fortune and his smiles! To say nothing of the monstrosity and demoniac idea that the endless damnation of a part of mankind would conduce to the happiness of the rest of our race, we would inquire what kind of *justice*, as well as *wisdom* and *benevolence*, that must be that would dispense misery and happiness on such principles as are here exhibited.



(j) We think no such conclusion can be legitimately drawn from the premises.

(k) There appears to us more sophistry and finesse in this paragraph than sound logical argument. In our apprehension, there is no incongruity between the exercise of benevolence and the infliction of misery or suffering to any extent that shall be conducive to and succeeded by an amount of good, a happiness greater than could have been produced without such suffering. For the very *object* of the suffering is the good of the sufferer: therefore the object is purely benevolent. What was the special design of our correspondent in introducing the word "unnecessary" before "misery," we know not.—Perhaps it was to draw us out on the doctrine of absolute necessity in regard to all actions, whether of God or man. But as that doctrine is not necessarily involved in the matters now under investigation, and as we know not that we should essentially differ from our correspondent here, we will let it pass; and only remark further upon this paragraph, that while we can see no malevolence, but perfect benevolence in the infliction of a moment's or a year's suffering designed for the good of the sufferer; we can see nothing but infinite and unmingled malevolence in the infliction of endless suffering; for the reason that the latter precludes the possibility of any good to the sufferer.

(l) My benevolence, if there were a choice of means for attaining the same end, would lead me to adopt those means which would, on the whole, be *best*, or productive of the *most good*.

(m) This is logic with a vengeance. It amounts to this: If *limited* punishment, resulting in the *good* of the sufferer, is consistent with infinite benevolence, then *endless* punishment, resulting in *no good* to any being in the universe, is equally so! But our correspondent thinks that, as God has "infinite resources" at his command, "a moment's misery is no more necessary than an eternity's." We will not here discuss the question whether God could, or could not, have produced all the good he has, or all the happiness he will, without the introduction or permission of imperfection, sin, and suffering. We know that both sin and suffering do exist, and that God permits them to exist. And we believe it is for wise and beneficent ends that He permits them. We believe He saw it best, on the whole, that they should be permitted. "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." We do not say God could not have warmed and enlightened the natural world without the natural sun. We do not say that He could not have enlightened and saved the moral world without the advent, labors, and death of his own son. But he did not choose to do it. He chose these two methods to accomplish these two objects. And we doubt not they were, on the whole, the very *best* methods he could have chosen! So, if He has chosen, as the incipient state of man's existence, a condition of imperfection, temptation, frailty, sin and suffering, as a disciplinary state through which ultimately to elevate him to a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," who shall arraign his wisdom and goodness, and say "this is not the best method of accomplishing so desirable an end? Human wisdom could have devised a better?" We may not be able, in every instance and every event, to point out the precise and the specific good resulting from all the imperfection, frailty, sin and suffering we see in the world, though we doubt not that Infinite Wisdom could, and ultimately will, make it all plain—when we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face—see as we are seen, and know as we are known. But we can now see and understand this much, that if there were no sin nor suffering in this world, there would be no chance for the exercise of the noble Christian virtues of patience, fortitude, forbearance, forgiveness, compassion, mercy, &c. Now who dare

say that these Christian virtues ought not to be called forth and exercised? And if it is best they should be called forth, it is best, on the whole, that such a state should exist as will call them into being and exercise.

(n) Or, by parity of reasoning, if it be reasonable and consistent with God's paternal and benevolent character to introduce man into the world a weak and helpless infant, it is equally consistent therewith to keep him in helpless infancy through his entire life! If it be consistent for a good father to discipline and punish his disobedient child, to reclaim and subdue him and make him virtuous and happy, it is equally so to incarcerate, scourge, and torment him as much as possible through life, without the least design to benefit him!

(o) With the conclusion as well as with the introduction of "A Presbyterian's" letter we are much pleased. It is the *truth* we should aim at rather than *victory*. Indeed, he who obtains the truth, even though he get it from an adversary, gets the victory in the end. For truth will enable him to conquer all things. If our correspondent thinks there is undue severity in any of our remarks above, we trust he will attribute it not to enmity or unkind feelings, but to our zeal for what we verily believe to be the truth.

D. S.

#### GLORIFYING GOD.

Whatever is done by man which honors his Maker, glorifies him. The reverential worshipper, the obedient Christian who offers to Jehovah the sacrifice of a "broken and contrite heart" may be said to glorify the Lord. David says "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth God," and our blessed Lord, conscious of his own perfect obedience to his Father's will, could say, "I have glorified thee on earth." It must be evident, then, that we can glorify our Creator only by rendering to him acceptable service, by conforming to his will, and obeying his commandments. "Herein is my Father glorified, (said Jesus,) that ye bear much fruit." It follows then, that the ungodly and disobedient fail to glorify God. They do not honor him, they do not reverence him, they do not obey him, consequently, they do not glorify him. The Apostle expresses this idea when he says "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." And speaking of a certain class of persons, he says, "when they know God, they glorified him not as God." They did not render to him that true worship; they served him not acceptably; they did not glorify him, for they did not keep his commandments, they did not love him. If we are correct in this matter, if the profane and the irreverent and disobedient do not glorify Jehovah, and cannot while in a state of rebellion and opposition, then God can be glorified by all his intelligent creation only by the obedience and reconciliation of all.

The proposition, moreover, that God will receive as much glory in the final condemnation of the wicked, as in the salvation of the righteous, is opposed to the Scriptures. Can it be that impiety and ungodliness glorify God? Surely the blasphemies and wailings of the damned never can glorify the Father, for he will be honored and worshipped only by the good and the pure, and nothing but holiness and moral purity can glorify his adorable majesty. There is the ground of our confidence in the faith of a world's salvation. "All nations (says David) whom thou hast made, shall come and worship before thee O Lord, and shall glorify thy name." All whom God has created then shall bow the humble knee in devout devotion to him and serve and worship him, for in this way and this alone will he be glorified. "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him (Jesus) and given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven



and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Christ is Lord to the *glory* of God the Father—Phil. ii. 10, 11, 12.

B. B. H.

### OUR ASSOCIATIONS AND CONVENTIONS.

The season will soon arrive for the annual meetings of our Associations and Conventions in different parts of the country. These are always seasons of great interest among our brethren, and deserve to be well attended. They form excellent opportunities for religious friends to get together, renew their regards, form new friendships, and extend and strengthen the ties of sympathy which should bind the believers in a common brotherhood. This, in our opinion, is one of the main objects to be attained by these fraternal gatherings. Another object is, or should be, to concentrate our efforts and give them a proper direction to secure the greatest amount of good to the cause in which we are engaged. Still another advantage is gained to the denomination by obtaining direct information of the condition and wants of our Societies, and the destitute places where the Word may be preached with a fair prospect of good. Besides, many of other denominations often attend these meetings, and not unfrequently become interested in our peculiar religious views.

If we may hazard a word of advice, we would say, that, in our humble opinion, the sessions of our public bodies are too often and too much occupied with mere questions of legislation, making or tinkering constitutions, or passing laws to meet particular cases—a sort of *special* legislation. The reported proceedings of those bodies, at least, would lead one to infer that such was the case. It is a saying in politics, which holds good in ecclesiastical matters, that “the people are governed too much.” Our Conference meetings accord more fitly, in our estimation, with the true business of the Council, and the mere transaction of the incidental business; for that is generally in accordance with the direction to “let all things be done unto edification.” Not unfrequently, questions wholly foreign to the legitimate purposes for which ecclesiastic Councils are called together are introduced and discussed, and brother becomes, in his feelings, arrayed against brother, and they “forget to put away all discord and clamor,” and fall to “biting and devouring one another.” It has been an error which has darkened the pages of Church history, that too much thought and time have been given to the mere forms of faith, or methods of government; and yet, singular as it may appear, all the talent, learning, and experience, have led to no satisfactory results. It is doubtful if a better rule is ever adopted than that proposed by the Master eighteen hundred years ago: for faith, discipline, or duty; which, after all, is expressed in language as simple and direct as can be found in the formulary of any church. To that all will do well to give heed.

But the point to which we wish to call particular attention is the form of writing out the minutes of the proceedings for publication. We shall, of course, feel bound to publish, in general, all reported proceedings which come to us. But we would suggest to those who may be Clerks of such meetings, the propriety of omitting all the less important matters in their published notices, confining themselves to what is directly important and interesting to the public. In this way, the columns of our journals will not be crowded full of votes and resolutions, on matters which concern nobody but those present at the time. A succinct statement of what is of general importance, an epitome of the sermons preached or speeches made, are profitable to all, and find an appropriate place in the columns of our journals.

The more minute and local matters properly belong to the record book of the Standing Clerk.

We would suggest to our friends, the Clerks of the different Associations, the propriety of forwarding us early notices of the times and places of the next meetings of their respective Associations.

### THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

In reply to the remarks of Br. Thayer, which appeared in our paper of May 5, this paper of last week says “Our Universalist brethren are much too sensitive. We should be very sorry to feel responsible for everything done by Unitarians, or for all the fruits, or no-fruits of what terms itself Unitarianism—when it is only perhaps religious indifference. We who belong to the ultra Protestant sects, ought to understand that a great deal of looseness and irreligion will seek the protection of our name and make us suffer for its worthlessness, until we correct and reform it. We conceive that Universalism has a great deal of this work to do.”

As “T. B. T.” will probably notice the whole article in the Inquirer, we forbear making any comments on the above, further than to remark, that it does not, in our view, manifest a “too sensitive” disposition to demur against the attempt from any sect to classify Universalism with “Intemperance” and irreligion. There may be *bad* men who profess Unitarianism, and so of Universalism, and we are as willing to “correct and reform” this evil as the Inquirer is. But the main point to which “T. B. T.” called the attention of the Inquirer is not yet settled. We do not “feel responsible” for everything done by Universalists and by that which calls itself Universalism, yet we should feel responsible, without incurring the imputation of being “too sensitive,” if we should assert in broadcast terms that Unitarianism begets “Intemperance and irreligion.” If the Inquirer and its correspondent think that our faith does this, we regret it; and a part of this “great deal of work to do” should be to correct that egregious error.

### NYACK.

The following article respecting the growth of truth in Nyack, rightly named, spiritually, “a rock,” is from the pen of Br. George Deere, who has diligently labored there, and in the region round about, for some time past. He is a faithful and laborious young man, of more than ordinary talents, a good speaker, and one who is thoroughly devoted to the ministry in which he is engaged. He needs only the opportunity to make himself a useful and successful laborer in the Gospel vineyard. He has several times spoken to the people with whom I am connected, to their entire acceptance, and to the profit of all who heard; and those among them who know him personally, know him for his perseverance in surmounting many and great difficulties. I write this without his knowledge, and for the purpose of saying that any Society seeking a young man to labor with them, and grow up with them as a pastor, cannot do better than to give him an opportunity to speak to them. I know him, and can speak with confidence:

NYACK.—This name is Indian, signifying a rock, and belongs to a village on the Hudson, 27 miles from New York. Universalism was introduced there, three or four years ago, by a zealous layman, who hired a room, and, when he could not get a preacher, read a sermon himself. These early efforts were opposed with great bitterness, which sometimes oozed out in the shape of destruction to our notices, sometimes in threats to tar and feather. The uniformity with which the notices were torn down, induced our brother while the village was in slumber, to leave them with the best of paste to dry. The trial made in the morning to remove them, proved the work well done. One



man was seen with a tea-kettle and case knife, washing and scraping the unclean thing. Perseverance in the exhibition of kindness and intelligence, has won, at last, so much toleration, that our notices are taken down by ourselves, and civilities are more frequently received. These changes, apparently auspicious, are accompanied by discoveries, however, not so encouraging. It is found here, as elsewhere, that all disbelievers in endless misery are not Universalists. The itinerant, on entering a new field, has usually assailed this dogma and has had rallying around him all its enemies. These are all christened at once, by the public, Universalists; when, in reality, there may not be one among them. So long as the rejected doctrine is battered—the temple of error being razed, they stand by as your abettors; but when you begin to fill in where you tore out error—when you begin to rear the fane of truth and righteousness where the demolished thing stood, where are they? Can you hold an *ignis fatuus* and make it useful in illumination? The comfort of our meeting room in Nyack, reminds us of the generosity of our friends in New York and vicinity, and begets the desire to make them sensible of our feelings of indebtedness. The lay brother there, avers he will continue his efforts, though they be broken and he alone, till, if it be possible, the “rock” is indelibly impressed with truth. God bless him! G. H. D.

New York, May 3d.

#### REPUBLIC OF ROME.

How is it that no demonstration has been made in any part of our country in favor of the attempt to establish Republicanism in Italy? There has been a strange lukewarmness on the part of our Journals and heroic statesmen, which compares unfavorably with the order manifested a few months ago in favor of the then liberal movements of the Pope. The priests convinced him of his error, and in his simple, good heartedness, he yielded to them and turned his back upon the people and the measures he had encouraged. The people rebelled against his treachery, and set up on their own account, in a far more orderly and consistent manner than that pursued by Frenchmen or Germans which all lauded so highly. But no voice bids them God speed. No gathering cheers them onward. Republican France “lets slip her dogs of war,” to quell the insurrection, and force the discarded Pope back upon them with his temporal power. And Americans are dumb! Is everybody afraid of the Pope, or the Catholic Irish? Let true Republicans here and everywhere blush for shame. No wonder if Romans yield, and the truest friends of freedom expire upon the gibbet, pine in dungeons, or resort to self expatriation. As Americans we ought to share a just obloquy for our silence. Are we really a Popish country? Not all Mexico has voted \$25,000 for the Pope. And we have not sent a salutation of friendship for the genuine Republican heroes of that ancient commonwealth. We could send money and men to assist Greeks to rejoin a nationality, with a king and despot pleasing to the monarchies of Europe at their head. Rome more manly and consistent makes a noble attempt and all Italy is aroused. One king fights for their cause. Despotie Austria and Republican (?) France unite to crush the rights of the people and force a discarded Ecclesiastical sovereign upon them. He will sit uneasy in the papal chair from this time forth. He was formerly guarded by foreign soldiers, hirelings from Switzerland who served for money. Frenchmen or Austrians will guard him hereafter, and keep the Head of the church from dropping off; great times these. But greater are coming. The hand of a just and gracious government is in all this. He will turn and overturn till he whose right it is shall rule.” W. S. B.

EMIGRANTS.—More than 36,000 emigrants landed in this city in the month of April. Probably as many more landed in the rest of our country. They come principally from Ireland and Germany. A vast many come from the South of Germany and Switzerland, but most from Ireland. That is the extensive manufactory of bipeds for our market.

#### CAUSES AND HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT OF THE CHOLERA,

BY B. F. JOSLIN, M. D.

The design of this little work, which has been written in reference to the expected re-appearance of the Cholera, is to exhibit the cause and prevention and especially the Homœopathic treatment of that fearful disease. It was prepared more particularly for the “Faculty;” but we have been so much interested in the perusal of its contents that we do not hesitate to recommend it to the general reader; more especially those parts of it which treat of the “Nature, Pathology, and Etiology of the disease, and the Hygiene proper to be observed.” If people would be careful, while in health to live as they ought, having reference to a plain diet, cheerful temper, suitable exercise, and proper ventilation, &c, there would be far less fatality in all infectious diseases, and a pretty fair chance of escaping all diseases. But the notion that a great and sudden change be made in the mode of one’s life, is like changing the discipline of an army on the eve of a battle. The effects are often fatal. It is far better to live just right in times of health—keep the stable locked before the horse is stolen.

Of the value of the treatment proposed we have no means of forming an opinion. There is one thing to be said in favor of the Homœopaths, their medicines will not make well men sick, nor keep sick men from getting well, and that is more than can be said of all kinds of treatment. The Dr. writes in a very plain and easy style, and occasionally hits the old school physicians some pretty hard cuts in a sly and good natured way.

The work is published by Wm. Ladde, 322 Broadway.

#### FRANKLIN’S BIBLE CARTOONS.

This is a new Pictorial representation of some of the remarkable events recorded in the Scriptures.

The number before us contains four cuts, viz: “Joseph sold by his brethren,” The cup found in “Benjamin’s sack,” “Joseph making himself known to his brethren,” and “Jacob blessing the two sons of Joseph.” The illustrations are admirably striking and effective, and well calculated to excite in the young mind ennobling conceptions of the Bible. What a contrast they form with those fictitious and senseless prints with which the world abounds, such as “Blue Beard,” “Mother Hubbard,” &c. These Cartoons are faithful representations of sacred realities: we can cite the attention of the young to them as graphic portraits of true and positive incidents in the history of our race and the dealings of God in his government of the world. Their low price, 12 1-2 cents, the lessons which these pictures are designed to teach, and the neatness of their execution, must we think, secure an extensive sale and their ultimate introduction into our Schools and Bible classes and families.

We cut the following from an English paper and commend it particularly to a certain class of Christians in our country. The “British Times” speaks as few secular papers dare speak on such subjects. Freedom of speech is not all on this side of the Atlantic.

THE DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL TORMENTS.—Some commotion, it seems, has been created amongst the Independent congregation of Lodge-street Chapel, Bristol, by a course of lectures lately delivered by their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Ham. The following is the version of the affair given by the Bristol Times:—“It appears that Mr. Ham, forgetting the wise adage, ‘the least said is the soonest mended,’ has been giving a series of lectures at Lodge-street, in some of which he intimated, as we understand, that there was no hell—that the righteous went to a place of celestial bliss; but that utter extinction (not palpable punishment in a place of fire and brimstone) was the fate of the wick-



ed. We are desirous not to misrepresent Mr. Ham in so important a matter of doctrine, and we therefore say that we have his description of his lectures from third parties, and not from himself, and that the popular report of them may be liable to error. Be this, however, as it may, his congregation were startled by the novelty of the speculation, and offended at a dogma so adverse to long-received opinions. The notion is not altogether new; but hell, the place of fire and brimstone as popularly received and believed, is one of those 'vested interests,' as some one called it, which the public will never allow a rash speculator in doctrines to interfere in with impunity. Mr. Ham has felt this already: the great majority of his hearers are for 'hell,' and against the lecturer; a few are for the latter, but the bulk are naturally ardent believers in fire and brimstone, and holding that the pulpit of Lodge-street is an appanage to the bottomless pit—or rather to the doctrine of the bottomless pit.—insist that they always go together, and that since Mr. Ham has abandoned the one he is bound to surrender the other."

#### NOTICE.

The friends of our cause, who purpose attending the State Convention, will call at the Church on entering the village, where a Committee will be in waiting, to direct them to places of entertainment. There are Stages running from Albany and Syracuse, daily to Richfield Springs; and there will be private carriages at Herkimer Depot, 14 miles from the village of Richfield Springs; so that Brethren can come either way. Our Society is not large but we want everybody to come, who love Christ and his truth and we will find room somewhere to stow them. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!

J. A. BARTLETT, Pastor.

Richfield Springs, May 5th, 1849.

P. S. I organized a Church in the 1st Society in Otsego, in April.

Yours in haste, J. A. B.

#### ORDINATION.

Our Ordaining Council will meet at the Universalist Church in Bernardston, Mass., on Wednesday, May 23d, at 9 o'clock, A. M. A general and punctual attendance of all concerned is requested.

In behalf of the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, of the Winchester Association. CHAS. E. HEWES,  
Chairman of Committee.

**A NEW SOCIETY.**—A new Society was legally organized in this city on Monday evening, April 23d, to be known as the "CENTRAL UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY," Utica, N. Y. Brs. E. S. Barnum, G. Perry, A. White, D. W. Golden, B. F. Jewett, D. Owens and J. Graham, were elected Trustees.

We trust that this plant springing from the ashes of the old Society, will be blessed with a strong, healthy, natural growth—till its glory shall far eclipse that of its now long silent predecessor.

Yours truly,

E. FRANCIS.

#### STICK TO YOUR PRINCIPLES.

A lad drove his team four miles to a mill to get a load of flour to haul to the canal. When he arrived at the mill, the miller told him they had no loading;—the mill was out of repair, but he would help him to a load, so that he might not lose his half day's work which would amount to one dollar. Said he, "you may drive across the way to the distillery, and load, and I will pay you just the same price for hauling a load of whiskey that we do for hauling a load of flour."

The lad thought a moment and said, 'I don't know what father will say, but our horses don't haul whiskey,' and so he wheeled them off, and drove home and told his father.

"Right," said the farmer, "you've done right, John. It's money well spent, John. Support your principles any where and every where and be kind about it, but decided."

A petition is in circulation in the town of Calais, Me., for the purpose of a discontinuance of the Sunday mails. It is signed by nearly all the business men of the place.

### Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

#### DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

It sweeps o'er Creation with soft magic finger,  
And kindles the blush of Aurora so gay;  
It glows in the sunbeams, that fervently linger  
On Nature's glad bosom, the bright vernal day.

We hear its wild thrilling and musical numbers,  
Arising from Ocean's deep blue, coral caves;  
In murmuring wind, when it rises from slumbers,  
To sport on the pathway of sea's rolling waves.

We see its soft smiles in the Spring gems unfolding  
Their delicate petals of fair rainbow hues;  
In rays of the Sunset, so brilliant and golden,  
And beauties of twilight, half veiled in dews.

We heard its low melodies chimed by the fountains,  
And sung by the wild birds in forest's green aisles;—  
In echos that ring through the cliffs of the mountains,  
The dim sparry Grotto, and sylvan defiles.

Strong power Omnipotent!—The fine chords of feeling,  
Are thrilled by the finger, *unseen*, yet oft felt;  
When earth's sombre shades o'er the spirit are stealing,  
One musical touch, and Grief's snow-drops will melt.

It flows from an Ocean exhaustless, forever;  
And emanates freely, from Deity's soul;—  
Its million pure wavelets of love cannot sever,  
As on, through the heart of Creation they roll.

Its soft mystic breezes, life's bowers are filling,  
Its sweet roses sparkle o'er friendship's bright rill;  
The organ of Nature, O, soft it is thrilling,  
To charm every spirit to peace and good will.

German, N. Y., March, 1849.

#### REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST WAR.

The government had concentrated upon Plattsburg, in the year 1814, a large military force consisting of twelve or thirteen thousand well disciplined troops, under the command of the rough but brave old General Izard.

A sudden change in the plan of campaign rendered necessary a change of position; and Izard was directed in the month of August to make a forced march to Sackett's Harbor. This he did leaving behind him, in garrison, only fifteen hundred men including sick and convalescent; a force just sufficient to stimulate the hostile enterprise of the British Commander-in-chief in Canada, but too inconsiderable to afford adequate protection to the Northern frontier.

Of this small body of men Macomb was left in command.



The British were vigilant; they had seen, with no little anxiety, the concentration of our troops at Plattsburgh; and apprehensive that a blow was meditated, in the direction of Montreal, the British commander had drawn from more distant places, the provincial militia and Wellington's veterans arrived from Europe, to strengthen his position near the line.

Izzard's movement was immediately known to the enemy; and scarcely had the sounds of his retiring drums died upon the ear, when busy preparation was discovered in the hostile camp. There was no mistaking its portent. Nothing now remained to us but to await the storm.

Having concentrated his forces into one massive column, fourteen thousand strong, the best appointed army which America ever saw, Sir George Prevost commenced a low and stately march in the direction of Plattsburgh. At Champlain and again at Chazy, he paused awhile to wait the movement of his fleet.

Sir George was proud of his troops, and well indeed, he might be, for a large proportion of them had been trained under the eye of one of the greatest captains of the age, and were fresh from the well-fought fields of Spain, of Portugal, and of France. Partly from ostentation, and partly, perhaps, to overawe us by the magnitude and appointment of his force, he threw open his camp to the inspection of our citizens. Not a few availed themselves of the opportunity; some to obtain information, some to satisfy a very natural curiosity. The spectacle of Sir George's camp was indeed one of uncommon interest and beauty.

While Sir George's formidable preparations were in progress, rumors of impending invasion agitated the frontier counties. Hitherto the war had been carried on in the enemy's territories, or at a distance. It was now about to be brought to our doors. The question involved in it had hitherto been one of patriotism. Now, it had become one of personal interest also. Besides country the object of protection now were wives, children and fire-sides. Few shrank from the danger; and scarcely had a hostile foot been set on our territory, when the militia of Essex and Clinton were en route for what was to be the scene of action.

Among the militia who, in this exigency, flew to the defence of the Northern frontier, was one Moreau. I never knew his Christian name. He lived in Westport, a pleasant little town, situated on the western bank of Lake Champlain, in the county of Essex. He was about twenty years of age, poor, uneducated and obscure, and had as little personal interest in the event of a war as any many living. No individual, however, who engaged in it, behaved with so much desperate courage.

History is carrying down to posterity the name of Macomb; Moore's was honored with a sword; and fame has associated other names with the defence of Plattsburgh. All this is right. But no pen has told the story of poor Moreau.

His fellow, in the same regiment, late though it be, dedicate this paper to the memory of his bravery.

It may be remembered that the Essex, and a part of the Clinton militia were stationed two or three days in Beekmantown, six or seven miles north of Plattsburgh, on one of the roads leading to Chazy. The enemy was advancing on this road in great force.

Early on the morning of the sixth of September, Major, now General Wool, at the head of two hundred and fifty men, passed us in the direction of the British army.

I well remember their fine martial appearance. They carried no knapsacks; they made no halt; but marched on with the air of men who feel conscious that they have serious work on hand. All maintained a profound si-

lence, except one, who appeared to be a subaltern, and who, nodding his head to us, said in an under tone:

"You will soon hear from us."

It was not difficult to comprehend the meaning of this movement. Moreau was seen a short distance off, sitting upon a stone, his musket resting upon his knees, and busily engaged in fixing his flint.

"So, Moreau, you are preparing for what may soon be your duty," said his lieutenant.

"I am," said Moreau. "I see some signs that we shall soon have occasion to use our muskets, and I intend mine shall be in order. I suppose we shall have no children's play here; and since we must have a brush, let it come, the sooner the better."

"Bravo! my good fellow," exclaimed Colonel Wadhams, who chanced to hear him. "You will not need to wait long."

The drums beat to arms; the men paraded; every one was at his post,

"March!" shouted General Wright, and led off after Wool's command.

Wool's little band of two hundred and fifty men were now considerably in advance, descending Culver's Hill toward the wood, from whence the enemy had not yet emerged. Their neat caps, their snug coats, their snow-white pantaloons, their compactness on the march, and their firm step, all conspired to render them the object of universal admiration.

"See those noble fellows!" exclaimed Moreau; I think they would be a match for any four hundred in Prevost's army.

The military marched with a quick step down hill. There was no vociferation; no boisterous mirth; no talking; all were serious and silent, as men always are who know that danger is impending. Every man was preparing his mind to meet, with as good a grace as he could, the trying moment which all knew to be near at hand.

"What's the matter, Jim?" cried Moreau, breaking silence, and addressing himself to the man who was marching at his right hand. "You look as if you had buried all your friends."

"I was thinking," answered Jim, "that in a few moments some of us will probably be biting the dust."

"Tut, Jim; and have you been all this time in finding that out?" replied Moreau. Did you expect fighting to be done without some danger? You had better be thinking how you are to carry yourself in the battle. By the way Jim I have some whiskey in my canteen; the British may let it all out with their bullets; let us drink it while we can."

Not quicker said than done: Jim and Moreau put the whiskey beyond the reach of accident.

A sharp roll of fire arms now suddenly broke upon our ears, and looking in the direction of this new and startling music, a hundred blue curling smokes were seen ascending from the edge of the wood. Wool had delivered his fire upon the enemy's advance guard.

Jim turned pale; the smile which had been playing on Moreau's face passed instantly away, succeeded by grave feature's and firmly compressed lips.

"Well begun, by heavens!" cried the latter; "let us make haste; they'll need our help."

Wool retired from the woods, after receiving in turn the British fire, and regulars and militia were on common ground. An irregular fusillade now took place on both sides, with now and then a beautiful roll of musketry. Wool's command kept in compact order. The militia, for the most part, had betaken themselves to trees, to stumps, to fences. Moreau alone, of all the militia, at least of the privates, seemed indifferent to the danger. He sought no protection behind anything



He loaded and fired with the apparent eagerness that he would have played a game of ball, and with even more steadiness.

At this stage of the conflict, while Moreau, in the act of loading his musket, was holding the ball part of a cartridge between his thumb and finger, and about to bite off the other end of it, a ball struck it, and scattered the powder over his face.

"A good shot!" cried Moreau; "but I have saved my bullet, though they have spilt my powder, and I will send it to them on the top of another cartridge." And so he did.

"Moreau, my brave fellow!" exclaimed Colonel Wadhams, "can't you pick off that fellow who stands yonder loading his musket, by the point of that rock? He has just shot White."

White, who belonged to the Ticonderoga, battalion, had just fallen, shot through the head.

"I think I can Colonel," answered Moreau; "I am not apt to miss so large a mark."

Moreau dropped on his right knee, and rested his left elbow on the other, fired, and the fated soldier fell.

"Well done Moreau!", said the colonel; "you shall have a sergeants warrant for that."

The British column, which occupied the road, began to move on with accelerated pace. Their wings were pressing forward considerably in advance, and threatening the flanks of our little force; and the whole, particularly the centre column, keeping up a fire, not very well directed, upon the militia and Wool's command.

A rapid retreat commenced; the regulars and a part of the militia retiring in tolerable order, and making, from time to time, a stand, wherever the nature of the ground, or the fences across the fields, afforded them a partial protection, and a favorable opportunity of renewing the combat. The rest of the militia fled like frightened hares.

Moreau's reluctance to retreat had been noticed from the beginning. Exclamations of indignation, made in an undertone through his closed teeth, as if speaking to himself, frequently burst from him; and once, turning to the commandant of his regiment, he said:

Colonel, it is a shame to be running at this rate, with our backs to the enemy. If you'll only turn us about, we can drive the infernal rascals back into the woods."

But when his eye caught some of the militia flying over the fields, and some few of them even throwing away their arms and accoutrements, that they might not be impeded in their flight, he burst out into a violent rage. He frothed at the corners of his mouth, and cursed equally the cowardly runaways and the British. His rage appeared at length to concentrate itself upon the latter, against whom he seemed to be actuated by an intense personal indignation.

At length, throwing out his right arm in the direction of the enemy, he exclaimed:

"There!—don't you see those two British officers? They act as if they were laughing at our flight. Now retreat you who will; but live or die, by the Eternal! I'll retreat no farther."

He kept the oath: he stood firmly in his tracks, his person fully exposed to the fire of the heavy advancing column of the enemy; loading and firing his musket with a deliberateness of action in strange contrast with the terrible intensity of his feelings.

The officers called on him to retire; first soothingly, and then harshly and peremptorily; but he neither turned his head nor deigned to answer.

All expected every moment to see him fall. Within the space of two minutes, hundreds of bullets must have been discharged at his person. When the enemy's column had approached within a few feet of him, a confu-

sion in their ranks was discovered directly in front of him, at the moment after he had delivered his last fire. He was then seen to club his musket, and knock down a soldier, and instantly a dozen men rushed upon him, and seized him as a prisoner.

The fate of Moreau remained a long time unknown. In the summer, after the close of the war, his friends were greatly surprised by his return.

They had heard nothing from him, and had given him up as lost. He had escaped the tremendous shower of bullets directed at him by a whole column of British troops, not merely with life, but unhurt. He had been taken to Montreal, when all the militia prisoners except himself were discharged; thence to Quebec; and thence again to Halifax, where he was confined during the war. In the spring, after the cessation of hostilities, he was conveyed to Boston in a cartel.

I wish I knew more of a spirit so unconquerable, and a life so wonderfully preserved. But I do not. Within two or three months after Moreau's return home, he migrated to the West, in quest of fortune or adventure, and was never heard of more.—[Knickerbocker Magazine for May.

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

MY FATHER.

BY E. M. F.

Thou art not dead, save the trembling limb,  
The cheek that was wasted, the eye that was dim;  
There is a smile at the desolate hearth,  
Pure from thy presence,—though not of the earth.

Thou art not dead, though we hasten no more  
The chalice for pain—Love's fond mission is o'er;  
Never again at thy sick couch shall bend  
Pale wife, or daughter, or brother, or friend.

Mournfully seemeth the sunbeam to stray  
Round the green tree thou didst plant by the way;  
Silent the pastime along the glad shore—  
Groups of fond children await thee no more.

Other kind eyes now the night-watch shall seek,  
Lighting the smile on the sufferer's cheek;  
Other blest hands on the poor man bestow  
Two-fold for labor, and balm for his woe.

Who hath a love universal as thine?  
A joy so sincere at the good that were mine?  
Ah! had we known thou wert soon to depart,  
How had we answered each wish of thy heart!

Father, dear father, O, fain would I weep  
With sorrowing ones, who lament thy last sleep;  
Fain would I cast off Life's garment, to glide  
Down in Eternity's vale, to thy side.

But thou art round me, I feel thou art nigh,  
Hushing the murmur and soothing the sigh—  
Breathing a holiness over the heart  
They of the Spirit-Land only impart.

When the Dark Angel his pinions unfurled,  
To bear thee away from this beautiful world,  
Close on the trackless way thou didst divine  
Love without suffering—life ever thine.



Meet o'er that still hour thy silent prayer passed !  
Fearless, this cheek from thine severed at last,—  
Calmly thy head on its cold pillow lay,  
As Night falls asleep on the bosom of Day.

Father, dear Father, Oh, ever be nigh !  
Let me feel the pure light of thy spirit's meek eye,  
And I'll take of the gall that the Visible flings,  
And turn not nor shrink from the anguish it brings.

For I know the True One, who hath led me, before,  
Through struggles that strengthen, and ills that are o'er,  
A guardian hath made thee, thy loved ones to save  
Some evil awaiting, more dread than the grave.

And though life be all rayless, still let me look up,  
And receive the last drop of the trembling cup ;  
'Twas filled at the fathomless Fountain of Light,  
And whatever it be, I would suffer aright.

New London, April, 1849.

### ASLEIGH RIDE.

Festus said the beautiful were never desolate for some one always loves them. God or man. If man abandons God himself takes them. There is poetry and truth mingled in the remark, although it may not be exactly truth, as the writer designed it to be understood. God loves not the beautiful more than others ; but by some strange design of his Providence, it does not appear that when man abandons, He does most always take them.

Perhaps the lovely are less used to coldness and more accustomed to gentle care, so that desolation is too great a burden. There is a stern pride in some human hearts that helps those hearts to bear wrong without yielding, and to stand erect under heavy loads of misery ; and in my experience, it has always been true that such stout hearts were in the end crushed by some overwhelming agony for which they were wholly unprepared, and before which they were too proud to bow.

One evening during the fine sleighing which we had in the early part of January, my horses stood before the door at a late hour. I had proposed driving down to the city to pass the evening, but a friend persuaded me to remain over the dinner table until nearly eight, then the moonlight tempted us, and I ordered my horses. Wrapping ourselves in the robes, we started ourselves to the North-Eastward, and drove swiftly till midnight, when we crossed the Connecticut line. Instead of returning, as we had proposed, we "put up" at a small, but neat country tavern, and were soon discussing a broiled chicken and a cup of not bad coffee.

Breakfast was on our table at half past seven o'clock, and our landlady sat down with us ; a pleasant pretty country girl, whose husband had a small capital invested in his hotel. The conversation turned on the subject matter with which I commenced my sketch, and on my quoting Festus, the blue eyes of the good girl filled with tears, and I looked at her for an explanation.

"Ah sir," said she in somewhat simple, yet pure language, "Ah, sir, I think you are right about it. God always takes them when men give them up. There is Alice Brown. She is to be buried to-day, sir. She was left by the only man she cared to love, and has gone to God." And our poor hostess fairly sobbed.

At length I gathered the particulars of the brief story.

Alice Brown was the fairest and the prettiest girl in all the country. Her voice was as musical as the gush of spring in her widowed mother's garden, and in truth she learned to carol gay songs as she sat on the bank by the spring side, and looked up into the serene sky. Her hair was dark, and hung in those glorious tresses that

the wind always falls in love with, and her eye had borrowed its beauty from heaven. All loved her for she loved all. She was the village pet, and who does not know what that means ? Every country village almost, has a pet, but none had had such a one as she. Her form was dream like, so beautiful was it : and when it passed you, you could not believe that you had seen such a perfect human being.—That she was the light of her mother's cottage, I need not say : and every mother believes that she was the light as well of her old heart. They beat warmly together, those two gentle hearts and ever in unison, till one ceased and after the other's pulsations were slow, and grew fainter and fainter toward ceasing.

Alice loved one, one her equal in fortune or in poverty and as some thought worthy of her love. At all events, Harry was a noble fellow, and ambitious and had only one check to his ambition, which was his love for Alice Brown.—They had been children together, and had grown to youth and strength, as well of body as of love, side by side.

But Harry was not content with the quiet life he led in the village, and at length his ambition conquered, and he left for the sea. Then came days and years of trial. Sometimes he returned, but not often, and it was whispered about that he had forgotten his old love—and Alice grew pale, and one stormy night in the early autumn, she took a severe cold in crossing the street to the post office after the mail had arrived, and then slowly faded.

Some said she had a letter that night, and that it was its contents that changed her so much.—However that might be, it was known soon after, that Harry was in a wild way of dissipation, and at length came the terrible news of his loss at sea.

Alice bore it calmly, but its effects were soon visible. and the heavenly eye grew bluer and deeper, and holier, and in the dreary winter time she died.

"Mother," said she "I thought not to have saddened you by going first but so it is. God be my witness, I will come to you if I can ; and in the lonesome twilight I will sit beside you. I did not think to die thus, either—but it's not so hard. In the morning, mother, we shall know why God made the night so dark."

And so she died !

Before our horses were ready, I saw a procession coming down the village street and standing at the window, watched it pass slowly by. The air was cold, and the snow drifted cuttingly ;—but gathering my cloak around my face, I followed the mourners down the street, and turned with them into the little church. How solemnly they sang. How simple, yet how sublime the clergyman read the sublime words of hope.

At length the coffin was opened, and I, a stranger, sacrilegiously dared to look on the features of the sainted dead. Beautiful as one already should be, slept the deep sleeper quietly and smilingly.

Then they buried her in the church yard close to the long window where her mother will sit as the long Sabbaths pass mournfully by, and long and long until she rests there.

There was no word spoken as they laid her down to rest—no sound broke the stillness, save the wail of the wind over the church roof ; but I saw her shudder as they looked into the grave. It was cold ! the mother felt that the earth was colder than the grave ! a little of earth on the coffin, a sob a smothered cry of anguish, and the minister again with solemn voice, recited the words of promise and faith, and Alice Brown was no longer of the world, God hath quite taken her and her dust rested in his promises.

I drove slowly home. Was it not a novel incident for a sleigh ride ?



## TRUE CHARITY.

"Mamma," said little Charlotte, "I wish you would give me a penny to give to that poor boy at the gate. He looks very hungry, and says that he has not had a bit to eat all day. I am sorry for him. Do let me give him a penny to buy a penny roll."

"I thought you had a penny of your own, Charlotte, that your papa gave you this morning. He gave you and Harry a penny each."

"Yes, mamma, but I wan't mine to buy a cake while I am out."

"Do you think you shall be hungry while you are out, my dear?"

"I don't know, mamma."

"If you think so, you may take a piece of bread and butter with you."

"But I like a cake best, mamma."

"I am afraid, Charlotte, you are not very sorry for that poor boy, since you would rather let him go away hungry, than give up the pleasure of eating a cake, although you have had a good breakfast, and he has had none."

Just at this moment, Harry came up to the gate. The boy was standing there, begging still.

"Here, poor boy," said Harry, "here is a penny for you. I was going to buy a cake with it, but I am not hungry, and you are: so you may have the penny."

The poor boy thanked Harry, and ran over the way to the baker's to buy a penny roll which he began to eat with a joyful countenance.

Harry went away bowling his hoop, and thinking no more about the penny or the beggar boy; while Charlotte hung down her head and looked ashamed.

It is very easy to say we pity the misfortunes of others, but if we will not make a little sacrifice to relieve them, our pity is of no value, for it is not sincere. Charlotte was not unkind, but she was selfish. She would have felt glad to have given a penny to the poor boy, if she could have done so without depriving herself of something that she liked.

## ALLEGANY ASSOCIATION.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will meet in Rushford, Allegany County, N. Y., the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (27th and 28th.) A full delegation from each Church and Society should be in attendance.

Ministers, and all others who can, are invited to be with us on that occasion.  
B. HUNT, Standing Clerk.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The New York State Universalist Sunday School Association will hold its next Annual Session in the Universalist Church, at Richfield Springs, Otsego Co., on Tuesday, May the 29th, 1849, at 10 o'clock.

It is hoped that all the Schools in the State will be represented. This can easily be done, if our friends will only act. See to it early, then, that you appoint your Delegates, and, by all means, have them come. If you cannot possibly send delegates, then send us written reports of the condition of your respective Schools—number of scholars—average attendance, male and female—number of teachers, male and female—average attendance—number of volumes in the library—general condition and prospects of the School.

You can send such reports by some person from your vicinity, who will attend the Association, or you may send them, post paid, to me at Little Falls, Herkimer Co., any time before the 25th of May.

Br. H. Boughton, of Scipio, was last year appointed to deliver the Occasional Address before this body, which will take place on Thursday morning, May 31.

Brethren and friends, one and all, come to the Association, and also to the State Convention, which will meet in the same place on Wednesday and Thursday of the same week. J. H. HARTER, Rec. Sec.

Little Falls, April

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br D. Skinner will preach at the Court House in Herkimer, on the 3d Sunday in May, 20th inst.

Br. E. Francis will preach on the 3d Sunday in May, (20th) near Jennings' Corners, Palermo. The Funeral Sermon of the late Mrs. N. Hitchcock will be delivered in the P. M. Br. F. will lecture in the evening as the friends may arrange.

## A CARD.

The subscribers render their grateful acknowledgements to their friends at Newport, and vicinity, for their liberal donations on the first day of February last. Also, to the friends at Gravesville and vicinity, for their efforts in their behalf, in January last, and to Mr. W. Grayes Esq., and lady, for opening their residence, for our accommodation at that time.

Newport, N. Y.

T. J. WHITCOMB.

C. L. WHITCOMB.

## MARRIAGES.

In Bridgeport, Conn, May 8th, by Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Guilford, Mr. Horatio N. Beach, to Miss Harriett M., only daughter of Capt. J. H. Prindle

In Newport, by Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, Mr. John S. Eason, to Miss Matilda Carpenter.

By the same, Mr. J. R. Morgan, to Miss Marietta Weber.

By the same, Mr. George W. Willis to Miss A. C. Wooden.

By the same, Mr. John W. Fuller, to Miss Sarah M. Buel.

By the same, Mr. Wm. S. Reasoner, to Miss Ruth A. Spunk.

By the same, Mr. Alpheus R. Thompson, to Miss Emily, F. Buel.

By the same, Mr. Alexander Hemenway, to Miss Amanda R. Brown.

By the same, Mr. Thomas Bradbury to Miss Rosette Marcy.

By the same, Mr. Edward Dewy to Miss Roxanna Coffin.

By the same, Mr. John Marcey, to Miss Louisa Hawkins.

By the same, Mr. Merit Starkweather, to Miss Sophronia Norton.

By the same, Mr. Norman W. Sherman, to Miss Julia Fuller.

By the same, Mr. Charles Mynes, to Miss Margaret Mayers.

## DEATHS.

In Preston, April 17, Mr. Richard W. Berry, aged 67 years.

In Smithville, April 29th, Phoebe Jane, daughter of Ransom and Mary Jane Yale, aged 5 years and 4 months.

In Newport, Jan., 10th, Mrs. Kniffen, consort of the late John Kniffen, aged 67 years.

In Newport, March 25th, after a lingering illness, Mr. Arnold Willoby, aged 33 years.

In Deerfield, April 10th, Mr. Calvin Bowen, aged 67 years.

## New-York Cattle Market...Monday, May 7.

At market 1400 Beef Cattle, (1100 Southern, remainder this State, and the East) 70 Cows and Calves, and 300 Sheep and Lambs.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—There was a fair supply of Beeves during the week, but the market on the whole is rather dull, and prices are somewhat weaker than they have been. Sales of good retailing qualities at from \$8 to \$9 per cwt. 300 left over.

**COWS AND CALVES.**—Sales at \$25 to \$40, and but few in the market.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—Are taken at from \$2 to \$3 for the former, and from \$2 to \$5 for the latter.

## NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

## PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$487a5 50	Beef, mess, per. bbl. 11	50 12 00
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 22	" Prime, "	\$9 87 10
" Western, "	101a103	Lard, per lb., 5 1 4	6 1 2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2,87 3,00	Cheese, "	5 a 9
Corn, round, per bush.,	63 65	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	21a25
" mixed, "	60a61	" Western "	18
" New Orleans, "	57a58	" Ohio Common,	19a21
Rye, "	57 59	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	35a36	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 08	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	10 25 10 37	" fine, "	1 11a112
" Prime, "	\$8 31 8 37	Wool, pulled and fleece,	25 a 27

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	50a56	Timothy Seed, tierce,	16a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a46
Feathers, live American,	37 1-2 9	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 22